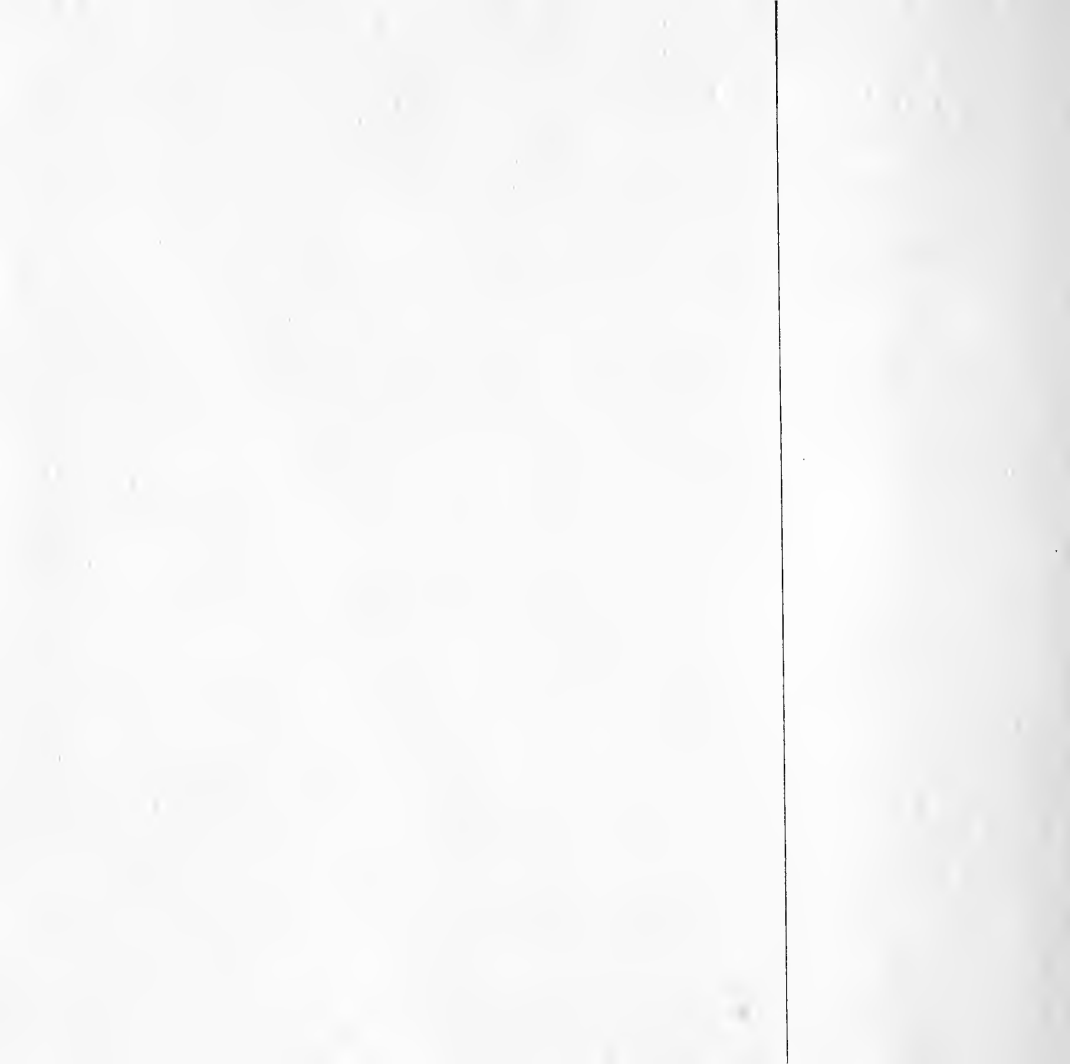


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Vallie Sholes in War and Love



WHERE THE PEACE RIVER FLOWS



VALLIE SHOLES

—IN—

WAR AND LOVE



—BY—

LUCIA DILLENBACH

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To the Soldiers of the U. S. A.

CONTENTS

In the Ozarks.....	I
The Thunder of War.....	II
Hal's Letter.....	III
Looking Backward	IV
The Red Cross Nurse	V
Their Dreams, the Peace River Country	VI
Vallic Sees the End of War	VII



THE QUIET OF THE OZARKS

Vallie Sholes in War and Love

- I The quiet of the Ozarks,
 In grandeur all its own,
 Holds there a lover's story,
 I'll tell to you alone,
- A girl of twilight beauty
 Plays in the wildness there.
 Her joyous laughter ringing,
 With music sweet and rare.
- The apple trees, in blossom,
 Are in their glory pink.
 The bees find there the honey
 They bundle up, I think.
- Sweet Vallie Sholes, our Vallie,
 You don't forget her smile,
 Is romping there with Hal Greene,
 Her playmate all the while.
- A daring youth is Hal Greene,
 A hunter of the wild.
 He hunts the crow and ground mole,
 His ways are kind and mild.

And so the two, together,
Grow up, and parted are.
To Canada went Vallie,
To Canada so far.

Her smile Hal sees at morning,
In lights along the dawn;
The smile that first is quiv'ring,
Then heard in laughter gone.

Our Vallie takes up nursing,
She wants to win her way,
Out in the great wide open,
Where God's own children stay.

She skates adown the river,
At sunset, eventide,
Her thoughts most always wander
To Ozarks rough hillside.

She cannot help but wonder
Where Hal Greene is today,
And if the dew is sparkling,
On daisies all the way.



OUT IN THE GREAT WIDE OPEN

II And now the war's great thunder
 Is heard in foreign land—
 A war of many nations,
 And who shall stay its hand.

 The allies bravely fighting
 Each day a foe unseen,
 And underneath the waters
 The German submarine.

Each day some terror rises,
 That never stalked before;
 Perchance its way is skyward,
 It shrieks from shore to shore.

And Vallie oft is watching
 The soldiers march away.
 The world war still is spreading,
 Takes in the U. S. A.

Among the first that landed,
 On foreign soil to fight,
 Was Hal Greene of the Ozarks,
 To fight for what was right.

With honest voice, and firm step,
Of figure tall and straight,
A braver soldier never
Went forth to war and fate.

Our Vallie now was knitting
Socks for the soldiers brave.
She knit them by the dozens,
She freely knit and gave.

Her card was deeply hidden,
In each sock sent one day;
But when the soldiers wore them,
The card was in the way.

Thus Hal Greene found, in marching,
The card of Vallie Sholes.
His sock felt rather bumpy,
The card came out in rolls.

On that day he was wounded,
And carried from the field,
But glad his heart and happy,
The sock had been his shield.



AND NOW THE WAR—

III So long the days in passing,
 'Til Hal can write a line,
 To Vallie sends a letter,
 He writes: "The socks fit fine.

"This really you, my Vallie,
 Who sent the socks o'er sea?
 I'm in the camp now, wounded,
 The gang are good to me.

"Of old days I've been dreaming,
 And wishing you were here.
 Of you, I have been thinking,
 You will come, wont you, dear.

"Do you recall at Flanders,
 One thundering hot day,
 We sampled all the apples,
 From every tree, but say!

"Oh, when the call for dinner,
 From Mrs. Flanders came,
 Well, that was one grand dinner,
 Couldn't eat it, just the same!

“Now is the time to come, Val.
You’re needed here right bad,
To care for me, your Hal Greene,
For me, your Ozark lad.”

IV Swift was the letter coming,
To Canada, I ween,
And swifter still the answer,
From Vallie to Hal Greene.

Back to the old days looking,
In dreamy mood, but glad,
She writes to Hal this letter,
To Hal, her Ozark lad.

“I am your Vallie Sholes, Hal,
The Ozark girl, you knew.
I lived there in the sunshine,
And shadow, there with you.

“I cannot forget, Hal Greene,
The apple trees abloom.
We’re roaming again, Hal Greene,
The orchard, with much room.

“The turtle, down the roadway,
For me you tug along.
The old rail fence we’re walking,
The school bell calls “ding, dong.”

“The field abloom with daisies,
And butterflies galore.
Down in the grand old Ozarks,
We’re in the woods once more.

“My apron I am holding,
For nuts drop from the tree.
The old tree you are shaking,
To bring the nuts to me.

“We hunt the four leaf clover,
And pick the blossoms sweet.
We talk to little gophers,
The squirrels that we meet.

“I live it now all over,
The black crow pulls the corn,
And frightens us with “caw, caw,”
The call sounds so forlorn.

“The berries we are picking,
The humming birds you catch;
Yes, we are not forgetting,
The wild strawberry patch.

“The old stone fence by Flanders,
Moss covered, by the spring;
Cool water we are drinking,
The birds, oh, how they sing!

“The tin cup is so rusty,
It hangs there with a chain,
And we are always stopping,
In sunshine and in rain.

“The peppergrass is growing,
Around this much loved place,
And I see in the water
That smile upon your face.

“The oak tree where we rested—
Woodpecker, red headed,
How dare you come to meddle,
In the tree embedded.



"I'M COMING TO WAR, HAL GREENE"

“The bumblebee is hidden,
Just down beneath the grass;
We’re hunting there for honey,
We find it, as we pass.

“We make our little playhouse,
From stones we gather up,
And plan our little garden,
And plant the buttercup.

“Today, you are the soldier,
And oh, so far away,—
You’re yet to me the boy, Hal,
Who said goodbye, that day.

“Your country is mine, Hal Greene,
I’ll go to war with you,
There’s something for me, Hal Greene,
Something for me to do.

“I’m coming to you, Hal Greene,
Coming over the sea.
In the great world war, Hal Greene,
There’s work for you and me.

“I’m coming to war, Hal Greene,
I’ll soon be there with you.
To fight for democracy,
And all that’s best and true.

“The days are long in passing,
Afar the ocean rolls,
But soon I will have crossed it,
I am your Vallie Sholes.”

V And Vallie leaves her homeland,
To be the soldiers’ friend,
To care for sick and wounded,
And her best efforts lend.

She takes the trip on ocean,
With courage born of love,
Love for the fearless soldier,
And love of God above.

A Red Cross nurse she landed,
So glad to do her best,
With all her strength is working,
And leaves to God the rest.



HER LOVE GOES TO THE ORPHAN

Her love goes to the orphan,
The little Belgium child—
Left all alone to wander,
From broken home paths wild.

And in her love of nature,
In France she looked around,
“How beautiful,” exclaiming,
“The flowers that abound!”

So Vallie came with flowers,
And stood beside Hal Greene,
And this was their first meeting
For some long years between.

While in the days that followed,
They saw a vision bright,
Saw the brotherhood of man,
Ruled by love, not by might.

Then Vallie told her lover
Of the land so dear to her,
The land of the Peace River,
Of the moose and wild fox fur.

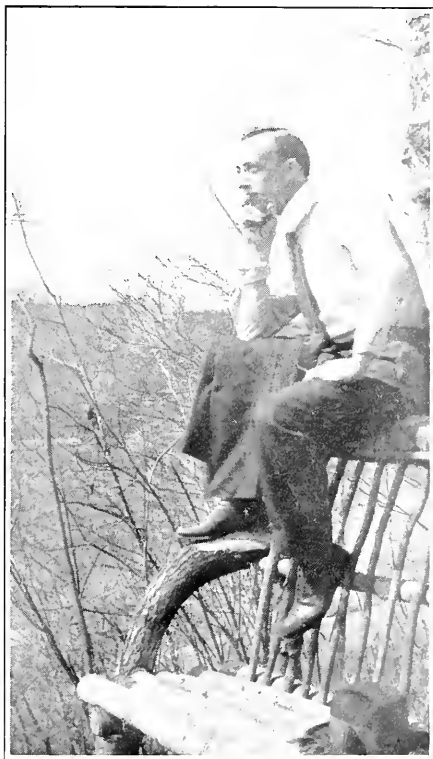
And how the river rushes,
O'er pebbly stones and rough,
And wild flowers are growing
Out all around the bluff.

VI Then Hal Greene said to Vallie:
"In fancy we will roam—
In the land of the Peace River,
I'm planning out our home.

"A log house we are building,
Amid the timber lone,
Just as we in our childhood
Laid well the house of stone.

"The wild game I am hunting,
The buffalo and moose,
And now and then I'm bringing
A silver fox or goose.

"But thinking of the future,
I see by early Fall,
I'll be once again fighting,
For liberty to all.



"I LONG TO TALK WITH PERSHING"

"I long to talk with Pershing,
His voice I want to hear,
To see that brave man, Pershing,
The man that has no fear.

"The Kaiser's Sub., beastly thing,
Is sneaking round at sea,
He flounders down, makes a dash,
An ugly boat is he.

"Kaiser, and his Submarine,
Oh, not a heart have they,
You'll hear Bill was rounded up,
And Sub. went down to stay."

VII Then Vallie said with feeling:
"Against all wrong we're hurled,
With all the brave men fighting,
To bring a better world.

"Bring love to the battlefield,
Bring brotherhood to all,
Oh, that in the whole wide world,
Autocracy shall fall!

“I see a god-made Russia,
The soil in peace is sown,
And back again brave Belgium
Shall come to claim her own.

“And what about France, Hal Greene,
The people we adore,—
They only thought of others,
Those great men in the war.

“I see their land of flowers,
Of romance, beauty rare;
I see the children smiling,
And peace and love dwell there.

“And as for dear old England,
Who to the finish ran,
She shines there with the others,
In brotherhood of man.

“I see a Christmas coming,
When all the world shall know,
The Savior, King of Glory,
Brought peace to all below.

“And all the flags of nations,
Entwined are waving free,
Our dear star spangled banner
Waved love across the sea.”



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